



"Prompt to improve and to invite,
"We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.]

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No. 10.

POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

FRANCES,

OR THE EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

(Continued.)

About this time Sir James Fitz Patrick wrote to his daughter, to prepare to meet him in London, saying that he should send his carriage for her the following week, also urgently requesting Mrs. Neville's permission for Frances to spend the ensuing winter with his daughter. This invitation, Frances positively declined, feeling no disposition for company; she indeed ardently desired to indulge her melancholy in solitude; but Ellen would not be refused, and she never ceased her importunities until Frances, urged by her mother likewise, at length gave a reluctant consent. No sooner was this point gained, than Ellen gaily set about making preparations for their journey, telling Frances to lay aside her gloom, for she was almost sure they should in London hear some tidings of her truant knight, which hint did indeed raise her drooping spirits, and she entered with some interest, into the preparations, that were going forward: leaving her beloved mother, however, could not be accomplished without an effort. At this time our heroine was just eighteen; previous to her illness she had been all life and gayety, but, although her recent illness and present uncertainty had robbed her of her bloom, there was an interesting expression, substituted in its place, which immediately found its way, to the heart; and her manner at all times, whether serious or gay, possessed a peculiar charm, which few could resist. Such was Frances Neville, when she first visited the gay metropolis, and Sir James Fitz Patrick, who had never before seen this friend of his daughter, was much struck with her appearance.—The meeting between Ellen and her father, was the meeting of an affectionate child, and parent,

who had never before been so long separated: and, when folded in the arms of her beloved and revered father, Ellen wondered that any pleasure, could have induced her to leave him.

Sir James had lost his lady when Ellen was an infant, and from respect to her memory, and love for his child, had never formed a second connexion. His child was now for the first time to be introduced to the gay world, having spent all her life, except when at school, at their castle in the country; this of course was an important era, in the lives of both the young ladies; by Frances, the prospect of mixing in a large, and fashionable circle, was dreaded rather than otherwise; she had truly been induced to consent, to please her mother and friend, and from a very faint hope, of hearing something from Edward; but now however assumed a cheerfulness, which was foreign to her heart; and Ellen was delighted, to behold her friend, something like her former self. The morning after their arrival, Sir James took them a shopping; they drove first to the milliners and dress makers, where Sir James told Ellen to order whatever she liked, and requested Frances to do the same, saying, that he should serve both daughters alike. Frances objected but he insisted upon her obedience, and smiling added, that if, after a two months residence in town, she still found herself overburdened with cash, he would allow her, to re-imburse him. From the milliners, they drove to a jewellers, where they made several purchases, and then returned home, very well pleased with their morning's employment. They found, on reaching Grosvenor square, Mrs. Morven, the sister of Sir James, just arrived from the country, for the express purpose of being a chaperone to the young ladies. Ellen was delighted to see her aunt, who had amply supplied the place of mother to her, from her infancy; having become a widow, about the time that Lady Fitz Patrick died, and being childless, she was induced to enter her brother's family, and take charge of his motherless babe; and faithfully had she discharged the duty, which she then undertook; being

still a young woman, at the time of her husband's death, and uncommonly pleasing, her hand was frequently solicited, but true to the memory of him she had lost, she refused all overtures of the kind, resolving to devote herself entirely to her brother and niece. Mrs. Morven was not a woman of the common stamp, she united to a highly cultivated mind and most engaging disposition, a piety which rendered her an example for her sex; but modest and unassuming, her merit, and goodness, was best known and appreciated by her most intimate friends, though her singular worth was acknowledged, by all who knew her. No wonder then that her arrival was hailed by Ellen with a joy almost amounting to rapture; for, Sir James intending an agreeable surprise for his daughter, had not informed her of this expected acquisition to their society, but had evaded giving a direct answer to Ellen's enquiries respecting her aunt, leaving her to suppose, that she would remain in the country. Ellen Fitz Patrick was the counterpart in every particular, of this excellent and justly admired woman; who had trained her up from her earliest years, to principles of piety and virtue. Such a friend, and such a guide, was to Frances on her first entrance into life, truly valuable. The week after their arrival in town, it was thought proper by Sir James for the young ladies to make their appearance at an assembly, for which, the family had received tickets, some days previous. Ellen anticipated much pleasure from the novelty of the scene she was about to enter, and Frances from a latent hope of seeing or hearing from Edward, prepared also to join a gay party with an alacrity and pleasure, which surprised herself. When the young ladies made their appearance below in full dress, Sir James and Mrs. Morven looked upon them with an admiration they could not disguise; their style of beauty was different, but they were equally lovely. A short drive brought them to lady Monkton's door, and they were quickly ushered into an elegant saloon where a numerous company was already assembled.

The moment Sir James and his party entered, all eyes were fixed upon the fair friends, and the buzz of, who are they? who are they? was heard by the objects who attracted such universal notice. Unqualified admiration was expressed by the gentleman of a party, near which, our friends were seated by the lady of the mansion.

"I don't know how you can think them handsome," said one of the ladies of the party, "I am sure they look insipid and mawkish."

"Oh Lady Mary, your pardon there," exclaimed an agreeable looking young officer, "I think I never saw more intelligence in any countenance, than in that of Miss Fitz Patrick; and her friend, in my opinion, is scarcely inferior; and as for awkwardness, I think I never saw more grace and elegance, the slight appearance of timidity in Miss Neville, in my opinion, adds greatly to her charms."

"They are divine by Jupiter," exclaimed another gentleman.

"I am sure my lord," said Lady Mary, "you are welcome to go, and worship your divinities if you please—no one here will prevent you" she added, with an air of pique and a haughtiness of the head.

"Oh!" returned his lordship, with a profound bow, "your ladyship is too well assured of your power over me, to believe that I will do that."

This compliment seemed to restore his lordship to her good graces, and as the dances were about forming, she suffered him to lead her out.

One of the gentlemen of the same party, now, together with the young officer before mentioned, approached Lady Monkton, and requested her to introduce them to the beautiful strangers; this she immediately did by the names of Lord Wilmot, and Col. Douglass. Lord Wilmot led out Frances and Col. Douglass was favoured with the hand of Ellen. With palpitating hearts, they joined the set that was forming, and were enabled to go down the dance, notwithstanding their embarrassment, with a grace which confirmed the admiration their appearance had previously excited; and their partners who took every opportunity to draw them out, were no less pleased with their conversation; that of Ellen was gay and animated, Frances said less, and her manner was not gay, like that of her friend, which bespoke a heart at ease; but there was an elegance of expression, a justness of sentiment, which fixed the admiration of Lord Wilmot, who was himself of a sentimental turn.

The dance was no sooner finished and Frances seated, than a singular looking person made his appearance, and walking up to her, after carelessly bowing, seeming to think this a sufficient introduction, deliberately seated himself by her side, where Lord Wilmot was just about placing himself. Lord Wilmot shrugged his shoulders, and seeing no vacant seat near, gallantly threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms;" he was not however allowed the pleasure he anticipated, when he took his lowly posture, that of continuing his conversation with his fair partner, for her strange acquaintance, immediately commenced a conversation, if conversation it could be called, which was carried on entirely by one side; for Frances provoked by his forward manner, hardly deigned to notice what he said, which no way discouraged him and he continued making his remarks, until at length an observation which he made upon a couple, who were promenading the rooms elicited an involuntary smile from both her and Lord Wilmot.

"Now do but observe," says he again, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, "do but observe how tastefully that lady's head dress is arranged," pointing to a lady apparently about sixty, but who by her dress, might have

been taken for fifteen, "do you not admire the manner so extremely becoming with which she has adorned her whole person?"

And thus he ran on, commenting on every singular, or ridiculous person, in the room, of which, among so large an assembly, he found many, the Lord Wilmot, to whom he was no stranger, perceiving that Frances was heartily sick of him, and finding there was no chance of her being able to shake him off, made an effort to draw him away; but not so—Mr. Winton, for so Lord Wilmot called him, declared he could not leave Miss Neville, for she was engaged to him, for the next dance. Frances, provoked before, now declared that she had made no such engagement; but he persisted, and with the hope of getting released from him, she referred him to Mrs. Morven, who told him that she could not consent to allow her young friend to dance with any one, who was not formally introduced. Nothing daunted by this, the man immediately went off and soon returned with Lady Monkton, who, smiling as she did so, much to the surprise of Frances, introduced the Honourable Mr. Winton, and Frances was obliged to consent to become his partner. As soon as this matter was decided Lord Wilmot left them; first obtaining the promise of her hand for the third dance.

"Happy Wilmot," said Mr. Winton, as he left them, "I perceive he is a favoured man; You grant him with pleasure, what was gained by me, with so much difficulty."

"Lord Wilmot was introduced to me, sir," said Frances, with some spirit.

"And so am I now my lovely Miss Neville, and yet you have not once condescended to bestow one of those sweet smiles upon me, of which you were so lavish to his Lordship."

Frances was too much provoked to answer him; he heeded not her silence, however, but ran on with a string of compliments, and lamentations, of his hard fate in not being so fortunate as to prove agreeable to her, who, notwithstanding her cruelty, was the object of his adoration; and she rejoiced when the dancing commenced, to be relieved in some measure from his impertinence, as she considered it. After going through the dance, she was led to her seat, and her teasing partner to her great relief left her, not however without soliciting her hand for another dance; this however she positively refused, declaring she should not dance again, if Lord Wilmot would excuse her; but when his Lordship appeared, which he did almost immediately, and claimed her hand, she was prevailed upon, though reluctantly, once more to join the dancers; though the hope which she had indulged of hearing, by some means or other, some tidings of Edward, at this, her first appearance, which had inspired her with a degree of animation to which she had of late been a stranger, had now vanished, and she was spiritless. But, although her animation had left her, her movements were

such, that Lord Wilmot was led mentally to exclaim,

"Grace is in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love!"

"O," thought he, "if I could be so happy, as to gain the heart of so lovely a creature!"

When again seated, although frequently solicited, she declined dancing any more, and was soon surrounded by a bevy of beaux, all eager for her notice, and among the rest Mr. Winton, who took his station as near her as possible, and in spite of her prejudice against him, and determination to the contrary, drew her insensibly, into something like conversation; in which, Lord Wilmot and Mrs. Morven, who had also joined her, occasionally took a part.

Ellen soon after came to them, followed by a train of admirers, from among which, she distinguished Col. Douglass her first partner, who, in his turn, appeared to have no eyes nor ears for any one but her; she was in high spirits, and soon understood and enjoyed the character of Winton, who was a real original.

A gentleman by birth and education, he disdained all attention to the forms of politeness, and aimed at a singularity in dress, which was really fantastic; but notwithstanding all this he was a man of great shrewdness, and a good understanding. Ellen in the gaiety of her heart entered into a lively conversation with him; and Frances found that he could if he pleased render himself agreeable, and blamed herself for the prejudice which she had allowed herself to entertain; though considering the manner of his introduction, it was extremely natural. They soon after returned home, Ellen highly delighted, and Frances as much pleased as it was possible for her to be, in her uncertainty about Edward.

The following morning many gentlemen called to enquire after the health of the ladies, and among the number were Lord Wilmot Col. Douglass and the Honorable Mr. Winton, the latter having for once concluded to do a thing like other people, and Frances having now obtained an insight into his character, was much amused with its singularity. Col. Douglass was an elegant and agreeable young man of highly polished manners, and Lord Wilmot was one of those persons whom "to see was to admire." Our fair friends saw a great deal of company at home, and went frequently to public places, and before the expiration of two months they had both refused several brilliant proposals of marriage. Col. Douglas had during this time been a constant attendant upon Ellen and now became her acknowledged and favoured lover. About this time Lord Wilmot, declared to Frances that if she would condescend to accept his heart, and hand, she would render him the happiest of mortals. This declaration was foreseen and dreaded by her, her own experience told her what would be his feelings upon his rejection, she was grieved to be obliged to inflict pain, upon one

she so much esteemed; but thinking the best way to put a final end to his hopes, would be to confess to him her affection for Edward Melmoth, which she did with some confusion, desiring him to think of her no more. This was unexpected; although Frances had never encouraged particular attentions from him; yet, from her youth he had thought it very unlikely that she could have formed any attachment previous to her leaving the country, and of all her London acquaintance, he thought himself the most favoured; thus unprepared for a refusal, Lord Wilmot could with difficulty conceal the pain this disappointment cost him; he however requested her since she could not receive him as a lover to accept him as a friend and forget that he had ever presumed to be any thing more: saying this he took his hat and in some agitation left the house.

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM THE GEM.

THE COQUETTE'S REWARD.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

Mary Ann Huntley was celebrated for her personal beauty. She was the eldest daughter of a wealthy New England farmer, and although her paternal dwelling was far retired from the bustle and parade of public life, yet she was sought out, and received the homage of many a proud and high born heart.

It is the talent of beauty to win admiration; and sensible and noble indeed must be the female, who possesses this peculiar gift, without that vain haughtiness and pride, which are its usual attendants.

Mary Ann when she made her first appearance in society, was an amiable and gentle creature; but the praise which was poured into her ears and the admiration with which she was every where received, filled her young heart with new emotions, and a new ambition, this ambition was to be still more admired, and to win hearts but to deceive them. Hers was a career of fickleness and faithlessness, and yet all seemed equally eager to admire and to trust her, and all alike shared her attention and her bitter scorn.

She usually passed considerable time with a young female intimate in Boston, and it was during one of these visits that Miss Johnson presented her intended husband to her friend Mary Ann. Millford was an interesting youth, full of high life and high feelings, and was the heir not only of respectability but of wealth. He tenderly loved Miss Johnson, who was amply worthy of his choicest affections, and in one short month their bliss was to be consummated. Mary Ann looked on the amiable pair the noble feelings of her heart for a moment triumphed, and she felt happy in the good fortune of her friend; but suddenly her insatiable thirst for adulation awoke, and she felt her pride wounded that any female but herself should receive homage from the other sex. Her rich blue eyes were bent long and thought-

fully upon the floor, and then she lifted them and smiled, and in that smile were centered all her powers of fascination. Those who had drank, the fatal draught would have known its meaning, but Milford read only there, the depth of unutterable tenderness, and that was all springing up for him.

The hours passed fleetly along—the evening with a brilliant moon came, and a little ramble was proposed. A brother of Mary Ann was present, who very politely offered Miss Johnson his arm, while Mary Ann, overjoyed at so favorable an opportunity, gladly accepted that of Milford. Now all the powers of her flattering, deceiving tongue were exerted, to win his heart from its first object and attach it to herself. That evening she was unsuccessful, but after several different interviews, the eloquence of her beauty prevailed and she had the triumph of beholding Milford following madly in her train, and her dear friend Miss Johnson, mourning in secret over her blighted hopes. This was a rich morsel for the proud coquette's greedy vanity, and long did she keep up the delusion in Milford's mind; but at length she threw off the mask, and told him without a blush, that she desired not his love, and could no longer receive his attentions.

This unexpected blow fell on his soul like a thunderbolt from heaven, and he wandered alone in the madness of his heart, regardless of every object, and forgetful of every thing but the depths of Mary Ann's perfidy. This was his ceaseless theme, until calm reason at last resumed her throne, and he looked back with horror on the scenes thro' which he had passed. He mourned deeply over his follies, and determined to return, if possible, to the path of duty, the first step of which was to make an humble acknowledgement to his abused betrothed, seek her forgiveness, and fulfil his former vows; but alas! how was his heart *indeed* riven and all his earthly hopes forever blasted, when he heard from Miss Johnson's lips, that she would never see him more. He fled from her presence—reason again forsook him and madness took up its long and desolate reign in his bosom.

I was a child when he was pointed out to me, but never, *never*, shall I forget the dreadful expression of his eye, or the depths of horror and utter wretchedness that were depicted in his countenance! He seldom spoke, and ever most studiously avoided all womankind. It was about this time, also, that I first beheld Mary Ann Huntly. I thought her the loveliest creature I had ever seen, but they told me she had faded much, for she too had felt the touch of sorrow. Her ill treatment of one so universally beloved, as Milford, blasted at once her reputation, and she was despised and shunned by all.

Sometime after this she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and as her father made no provision for her in his will, she was left a destitute and friendless orphan. All now

poured forth their bitterest censure, and she sought refuge from persecution with a relation, who resided at a considerable distance from her native town. There a wealthy widower became enamoured with her beauty, and offered her his hand and his fortune. This proposal she most cheerfully accepted, although the same ceremony that made her a wife, made her the mother of nine children.

She lived in high splendor and apparent happiness, for a few months, when suddenly her husband became insolvent, and was reduced from affluence, to a state of absolute poverty. Dreading the bitter reproaches with which she constantly loaded him, he avoided her society as much as possible, and the bar-room and the gaming house soon became far dearer to him than his own fireside.

It was about this time that I first saw her, and although sorrow-struck and heart-broken, she was still passing beautiful.

* * * * * Two years more, and where was the once gay—the proud and adored Mary Ann Huntley! I saw her borne to the last sad home of all the living, and there was none to weep over her! her husband was there, but he could not mourn, he was insensible to feeling. Poor Mary Ann was weighed down with poverty, misfortune and disappointment, and believing that she had brought her miseries upon herself, she had no ambition, no desire to live. With her last breath she repeated the name of Milford, and burning tears rolled down her cheeks at the word; but she is gone—forever gone, and peace to her mouldering ashes.

Milford still lives, and Miss Johnson is wearing away her life in useless regret, that she did not forgive her repentant lover.

This, dear reader, is no fiction: it is a tale of truth, and I could point out to you the town where you might see the miserable man, who is known in this narrative by the fictitious name of Milford.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

PASSAIC FALLS.

The traveller who is desirous of seeing the falls of the Passaic in New-Jersey, has only to drop down Barclay street, from Broadway, N. York, and engage a seat in the Patterson stage. He then steps into a steam ferry boat and crosses over, in a point of time, to Hoboken on the Jersey shore. He lands just below the blood-stained Wehawk, so celebrated as the duelists' battle ground, and as the place where Hamilton, the friend of Washington, fell. Could we be permitted to erect a monument on that spot, it should be of the leaden colour-ed basalt of which the Palisades, a little fur-ther up the river, are composed. It should have every figure that ever haunted, in demo-niac vagary, the diseased mind, engraved upon

its bleak sides. It should have upon it every emblem of a nation's curses, and the only inscription, broad and legible, should be the word *murder*. This spot was the death of Hamilton, and he received from its polluted clay, the only stain that could attach to his character, living or dying.

We soon leave the bold shores of the Hudson behind, enter upon a low, sandy tract of soil, covered with tall grass or stunted shrubbery. The broad Hackensack, with its sluggish and almost stationary waters, is passed over. The country immediately assumes a more lively appearance; the badly lighted, gloomy looking, Dutch built houses, thicken on the road, surrounded by many evidences of good living, and ere long we arrive at the beautiful vale of the Passaic. After crossing this lovely stream we travel about four miles on its western bank, when, suddenly, between a curve of the river and a wild bluff of mountainous rocks, we come upon the pleasant manufacturing town or village of Patterson.—The rugged highland or ridges of rock, lie to the west of the town; the river rushes down them, forms the northern boundary of the village, then turns and forms the eastern, thence running south, towards the ocean.

The ridges and rocks run north and south, parallel to the Palisades on the Hudson, and are geologically similar. They are called by the general name of Trap rock, or basaltic formations. About one fourth of a mile to the north-west of Patterson, the Passaic has found a chasm of fearful depth into which it precipitates its waters. There is a general wildness in the scenery around this place well worth the attention of the traveller—but no one should visit this spot expecting to see an overpowering rush of waters, or to be astounded by the thunder of the elements. The fall of the water is near sixty feet. The spray rises like a cloud of smoke, in which, at sunrise, or when the light strikes it horizontally, rainbows may be seen. Just below the falls there is a bridge thrown across the chasm for the accommodation of visitors.—Here the chasm widens, and opens to the south, with its perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, rising on either hand to the heights of eighty or ninety feet. The water below is dark and quiet.

There is a melancholy story connected with this scenery, to which we will briefly allude. The amiable and accomplished Mrs. Cummings, wife of the late Rev. Hooper C. was standing with her husband and other friends on the brink of this precipice. His attention was called, for a moment, up the chasm, towards the falls, when, on turning around, his beloved wife, to whom he had been married but a few months, was not to be seen. She had probably become dizzy with the height and motion of the waters above, and sallied from the rock without an exclamation. She was taken up a corpse, from the gloomy abyss.

From the very spot where Mrs. Cummings

was last seem standing, the immortalized Sam Patch, has repeatedly jumped to show that "somebody besides other folks can do something."—*Pal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new."

A LADIES MAN.

A ladies' man is unlike a gentleman's. The former addresses himself to the passions, the latter to the understanding; the former attempts to be witty, while the latter is contented with being regarded as a man of sense; the former compliments the ladies in hopes to be complimented in his turn; the latter speaks in commendation from a consciousness of female merit: the former affects more complaisance than he feels, the latter feels more than he expresses; the former is always adulatory, the latter always candid; the former always fawning, the latter always respectful; the former expresses friendship without feeling it, the latter often from motives of delicacy, conceals that which he feels; the former frequently raises a blush on the cheek of innocence, while the prudent deportment of the latter is always polite; the former is always unreserved, the latter is discreet; the former is presumptuous, the latter always modest; the former is ambitious of distinguished attention, the latter contents himself with a reasonable share; the former would fain make the ladies believe they are a race of superior beings and too divine for a terrestrial residence, the latter confers on them a just tribute of honor, by regarding them as rational creatures, and like the other sex, designed to be at least a while on earth, before being translated to the empyrean abodes of bliss; the former is admired only by the ladies of weak minds, the latter receives the homage of respect from women of the brightest understanding; the former like a meteor, may dazzle for a moment, the latter shines with a steady and serene light; the former makes a better gallant than husband, the latter a better husband than gallant; the former is despised by the most valuable part of both sexes, the latter is esteemed by all whose esteem is worth having.

Anecdote of the late Gen. Simon Frazer, who was killed at the Battle of Saratoga, in America, 1777.—Sometime between the years 1775 and 1780, a certain tall fierce looking Captain was the bully of the Argyle coffee-house; he had the character of being an excellent swordsman, and his menacing air had made him the terror of the young officers. One cold afternoon, as he was sitting with some half a dozen young officers by the fire, himself occupying the best seat, he suddenly rose up, took off his cocked hat, laid it down upon his chair, and swearing a tremendous oath, added, that he who moved that hat must fight him; he then left the room. Captain, after-

wards General Frazer, son of the late Alexander Frazer; entered the room shortly after, lifted the hat from off the chair, laid it on the table, and took the vacant seat.—On this, one of the officers who had heard the fighting captain's denunciation, asked Frazer if he knew to whom the hat belonged. He said he did not and was told it was Captain _____'s hat and that he had said that he who moved it must fight him.—"Did he," said Frazer, who was an excellent swordsman, having been bred in France, "Did he," and, rising up very coolly lifted the hat off the table, and laid it on the fire. The bully returned in time to get a glimpse of the remains of the ill-fated chapeau, as it disappeared amid the burning embers, and advancing into the middle of the room, he with martial strut and voice of thunder, demanded, "Who did this?" "I did it" replied Frazer, with a sardonick grin, but continued to keep his seat in front of the grate—"I did it." "You did it, Sir," said the bully, giving a tremendous stamp with his foot, and looking as if he would annihilate Frazer. "Yes, I did it, sir." On this, the hero of the Argyle Military Coffee-house exclaimed, "Then the man that can do this, can do any thing," and turning round upon his heel, he made a speedy exit, and was never seen again in that quarter of the city.—*Liv. Albion.*

Anecdote of a Sailor.—An honest tar, who had well lined his pockets with the spoils of the enemies of his country ordered a huge gold ring. When the tradesman had finished it, he told him it was common to have a poesy engraved on it.—"Very well," said the seaman, "what must it be?" "Any thing you please," said the goldsmith. "Then," returned the other, "put on it—

"When money's low, the ring must go."

This was done, and the honest son of the waves was so well pleased with the execution of the whole, that he ordered a massive pair of silver buckles to be made, with rims nearly as broad as the edge of a two-inch plank. "And here," said he, "you may as well put a poesy on them also,

"If that wont do, the buckles too."

A convenient Cat.—A short time ago a poor Irishman applied at the churchwardens' office, in this town, for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial charity, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, your honor," said he, "shure I'd be starved to death long since but for my cat!" "But for what?" asked his astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat! how so?" "Shure, your honor, I sold her eleven times over for sixpence a time, and she was always at home again before I'd get there meself."

Young Men read this.—Gen. Metcalf, the present governor of Kentucky was brought up

a stone mason, and worked at his trade many years after he became of age, even till elected to fill the honorable station of a member of Congress. All his splendid acquirements had been the result of his improvement of the evenings and nights, after his day's work was done. He is now elected Governor, and only between 45 and 50 years of age.

An Irish gentleman of the name of Man, residing near a private madhouse, met one of its poor inhabitants who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, "Who are you, Sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied, "I am a double man, a man by name and nature." "Are you so?" rejoined the other, "why I am a man beside myself, so we two will fight you two." He then knocked poor Mr. Man down, and ran away.

Leopold, duke of Lorrain, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which, we have the following example:—During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn in which he had been put with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflection upon the danger which he ran in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by squeezing him to his breast until the next morning, when he suffered him to depart, to ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For the following days he had no other retreat; but what added much to his joy was, to perceive that the bear had reserved part of his food for him. Several days passed in this manner, without the servants perceiving any thing of the circumstance. One day, when one of them came to bring Marco his supper, rather later than ordinary he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awaking the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The animal, though ravenous, did not appear in the least moved with the food set before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed any inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, who was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his rashness, begged for pardon. The bear however, caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought to

him the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators who conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, the prince ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard, who, without doubt, would have soon made his fortune, had he not died a short time after,

BURIAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1829.

The Annuals.—Several of these elegant and tastefully arranged little volumes, for the ensuing year, so appropriate for holiday presents, are already published. The "Token" of Mr. Goodrich, as compared with the one of last year, though not much improved in its appearance, of which in truth there was no need, is decidedly so in point of literary merit. Among the prose contributions that enrich its pages are the "Country Cousins," a beautiful tale by Miss Sedgewick; the "Withered Man" by W. L. Stone and the "Utilitarian" by John Neal; all calculated to advance the literary reputation of their respective authors. Some of the best pieces in the poetical department are from the pen of the editor; which, with the productions of Mrs. Sigourney, Willis, Mellen and other popular poets, add much to the value of the work. The embellishments of the Token are thirteen in number, most of them elegantly executed.—The "Talisman" is said to more than sustain its last year's reputation, which is high praise, it having been considered by competent judges as first on the list of annuals, with regard to its contents.—The "Atlantic Souvenir" too, we learn is much improved, especially in its general appearance—paper, typography, plates, &c. uniting in its binding both elegance and durability. We hope the enterprising publishers of these expensive, but popular little works, will be amply rewarded.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Flagg, Mr. John Fanand, of Windham, to Miss Laura Miner, of this city.

On Sunday the 4th inst. by the same Rev. gentleman, Mr. Edgar H. Roberts, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of Luther Hubbel, of this city.

At Claverack, on Saturday the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Silas A. Stone, to Miss Hannah, daughter of Leonard Winslow, of this city.

At Ghent, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Hiram Adams, Mr. Daniel B. Stow, Jr. of Claverack, to Miss Helen S. Adams, daughter of John Adams, of the former place.

In Johnstown, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. James Hunt, to Miss Rebecca Crossman.

In Littleton, Mass. John S. C. Knowlton, Esq. editor of the Lowell Journal, to Miss Anna W. Hartwell.

In Ulysses, Tompkins Co. Mr. William E. Chapman, of Oxford, one of the editors of the Chenango Republican, to Miss Harriet Selleck.

In Clark Co. Mr. Woodson H. Gentry, editor of the Winchester Republican, to Miss Mary Ann Winn.

DIED,

In this city, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Butler, consort of Mr. William Butler, aged 50 years.

At Claverack, on the 21st ult. Christina Spore, in the 83d year of her age.

At Madison, in Geo. George Washington Warner, Esq. son of Jason Warner Esq. of Canaan, in this country, in the 38th year of his age.

At Philadelphia, on Monday evening the 28th ult. Mr. Francis Wrigley, Printer, in the 86th year of his age. Mr. Wrigley was one of the oldest printers in the United States.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Extracts from an unfinished Poem.

O'er Arran's height the moon rose high,
And from her pathway in the sky
She poured a tide of beams, 'till bright
Each craig, and cairn, and mountain side,
Valley, and stream, and pasture wide,
Was bathed in soft and silver light.
Nor slumbered on the lone side hill,
The plaintive sweet voiced whippoorwill ;
Who with the deepening twilight grey,
Resumed her melancholy lay,
And poured o'er valley, stream, and plain,
Her sweetly soft and pensive strain,—
While from the brawling rills around,
Came many a mingled, joyous sound,
As on their gladsome way they keep,
In circling courses to the deep.—
The tangled copse wood, thick and green
Bristled along the dark ravine ;
While the grey rocks and craigs along,
The mountain pine grew thick and strong ;
And all in vain the toil and care
To find a friendly pathway there.
With step that shunned not heath or wold
The outlaw sought his ruffian hold ;
As the chafed lion seeks his den
Retiring from the haunts of men.
The dew-drop sparkled on the spray,
The wild flower nodded in his way,
And at each step he onward made
Nature some different charm displayed :
But dew-drop, flower, or scenery
Brought no attractions to his eye.
Onward, still on he fiercely strode
In his wild solitary road.—
Oft paused he in his course to hear
The drowsy fold bell tinkling near,
And as if fearing ambuscade,
His hand upon his dagger laid ;
Skilful the arm, and strong the hand
That could that dagger's thrust withstand.

Z.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

AN EXAMPLE OF PATHOS.

The moment now was come—and they must part,
Though filled with anguish was the lover's heart.
The gushing tears he strove in vain to stay,
Spite of restraint, now forced themselves a way ;—
His power they spurned,—as proud Canute's command
The rushing waves despised.—He took her hand—
And while a burning drop upon it fell,
In broken murmurs sighed a sad " Farewell."
She moves her lips—she strives, in vain, to speak,
While life's fresh tide forsakes her pallid cheek,
She turns her head her tell-tale face to hide—
She looks again—he is not by her side !
He's gone ! and months, long months must now pass by,
Ere she again shall meet that deep blue eye !
With slow and lingering steps, she left the place
Where she no more should see that beauteous face.
She sought her chamber's solitude, and unrestrained
Threw off the calmness, she had lately feigned,
And in a flood of tears, gave copious vent,
To all the grief within her bosom pent.—
She wept for him, until her eyes were sore,
And after that—she thought of him no more. EMMA.

AUTUMN WOODS.

BY BRYANT.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet ;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The vallies sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
When bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But, 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad ;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray ;
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye ;
And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Jonah's Whale.

PUZZLE II.—The word Shoe, the anagram of which is Hose.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a noted belle like the weather ?

II.

Why is stale bread like the most beautiful Woman ?

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